

Senate Reading Room

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

SPOT CASH.
Octavius Field.

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

\$3.00. Patent leather Oxford
the shoes \$3.25 for \$2.25

In the evening Mr. Goggin delivered

reading (i.e. the teaching of the names of letters) does not give him power to read any more than does the possession of a hammer and a saw make a child

JNO. DEHAM 1.

tie shoes \$3.25 for \$2.25

Household.

Brown Betty.

Go gather the apples that are ripe and lying,
And cut all the cores and the pips away;
Then slice them, just as one would slice them
for frying.

And well bake a brown betty for dinner to day.
Then get a deep pan with a close-fitting
cover.

Alternately apples and crumbs in it lay;
With sugar and cinnamon sprinkle them
over.
O well bake a brown betty for dinner to day.

Now go fill the pitcher with milk that is
creaming.
And carry brown betty along on a tray;
An odor deliciously comes steaming—
O well have a grand feast on Miss Betty to day.

Suggestions.

I have made some convenient little things
for my baby which a number of mothers
have asked me to write about, says a cor-
respondent.

First, I will tell you of my baby-creeper.
I cut a plain waist and cut the neck low
and the armholes large so as to be easily
put on. The skirt was cut twice the length
of an ordinary dress, and in the hem at the
bottom I run a piece of one-half inch elastic
the length of the child's waist measure.
For my baby it was twenty-two inches.
The creeper is put on over the ordinary dress,
and the elastic at the bottom of the skirt
beneath the skirt bands. The skirts are
all inside the creeper, and the limbs have
full play.

In the kitchen my baby wears a little
"overall" of blue denim put on over the
usual diaper. It was made from a three-
cornered piece of denim put onto a
banding. The sharp corners were cut off
from the two opposite corners, and buttons
and button holes put on. Before putting
on the banding it makes them fit better
to take some little darts in the back.

At night I was much troubled to keep
baby's hands warm, as she persisted in
throwing them over her head, and the room
was cold after the steam went down. So I
put on my thinking cap, and then made
her a little flannel jacket with long sleeves,
and at the hand there was a rosette. When
the room commenced to cool off, I would
slip on the little jacket and fasten it in
the back. In the morning the little hands
were as warm as toast. She also troubled
me about kicking the clothes off, and as she
was too small to wear the drawers, night-
gowns I didn't know what to do, but after a
little thought I made a flannel skirt with
a draw string at the bottom, and after she
was asleep I would draw it up, and I knew
she couldn't get out of them. I would
tuck it under her little feet to make the
nightgown in that way and not bother with
the skirt, but her nightgowns were all made
and I didn't want to get new ones. The
skirt has to be made quite long, but is not
too very full. I hope these suggestions
will help some young mother, who, like
myself, is taking care of her first baby.

Possibilities of Grapes.

Grapes Canned Whole.—Heat cans very
hot, fill them with stemmed grapes, cover
with boiling water, seal and let stand ten
minutes. Four or five cups water, cover with
thin boiling syrup and seal.

Grapes Canned Cold.—Boil water and
hermetically seal till cold. Make ready a
quantity of grapes cut from whole bunches
in clusters of three or four. Let no grape
be loosened from its stem, also remove all
stems from which the fruit has fallen. Fill
cans with these clusters, then cover to the
brim with water immediately after the can
containing it is opened; seal at once. Another
method is to fill cans with grapes
prepared in the same way, under water.
Drop them in carefully till the grapes
have displaced the water and filled the
can, then screw on the cover under water.
One or two clusters as large as will go in
the can without bruising, may be put in
in this way, and look beautifully. The
success of this method depends upon the
certainty that no individual grape is
loosened from its stem.

Grape Sauce.—Ripe, freshly gathered
grapes make a very delicate table sauce by
removing the skins and sprinkling the pulp
liberally with powdered sugar.

Sacramental Wine.—Cook stemmed
grapes with a very little water till the
seeds separate. Press through a thick
cloth, then for every ten pounds add three
pounds of granulated sugar. Heat till it
boils, bottle and seal. This quantity makes
one gallon.

Grapes for long keeping should not be
over ripe. Let them lie in baskets undisturbed
two or three days. Remove with
a pair of scissors all green or imperfect
grapes and any that are in the least loose-
ened from the stem. Line the bottom and
sides of paper and shallow wooden boxes
with any paper except newspaper; put in
loosely a layer of grapes, cover with paper,
then a layer of grapes, till the box is full.
Cover and keep in a moderately dry place
till there is no danger of frost.

Most cellars are too damp to store grapes.
If kept too dry the grapes will shrivel.
Examine occasionally and remove all im-
perfect or decayed grapes. We have kept
them in this way till April, placing them
in a cold room and covering with blankets
in freezing weather.

Ripe Grape Jelly.—Heat stemmed grapes
slowly, breaking a small quantity to start
the juice. Put a few at a time in cheese
cloth and express the juice with your
fingers if you have them. Quicker and
easier, but not pure, juicy tart apples.
Cook and press out the juice. Add one-
third apple juice (or less) to the grape juice.
If part apple juice is used grape jelly will
not form crystals and there is no perceptible
change in flavor. Boil two quarts only
of this mixture at a time. Twenty minutes
from the time it begins to boil and gradu-
ally eight tablespoons of granulated sugar
which was heating in a very hot oven while
the juice was boiling. Boil five minutes,
then pour into jelly cups set on a towel
wrung from cold or warm water. Cover
when cold with butter paper.

Grape Butter.—For 9 lbs of grape pulp
after taking out the seeds and stems by
squeezing through a colander, use 6 lbs of
sweet apples and 3 lbs of sugar. Steam
the pared and cored apples till sufficiently
soft to pass easily through a colander, then
cook with the grapes 20 minutes, add the

sugar and boil 15 minutes or until of the
consistency of fruit butters.

Pickled Grapes.—Fill a stone jar with
alternate layers of white sugar and clus-
ters of ripe, freshly picked grapes using
sugar freely. Fill the jar one-third full
of cold cider vinegar. As the grapes settle
put on a plate and weight but do not press
sufficiently to bruise the grapes or loosen
them from the stems. In a week or two
add sweetened vinegar if necessary to cover.
Keep tightly covered and let stand two
months before using.

Grape Jam.—Stew the grapes until they
are tender, then rub them through a colan-
der. For every 4 tencupfuls of pulp use 3
tencupfuls of good brown sugar. Boil till
when a little is dropped on a plate no
moisture gathers about the edge and it
looks dry and glistening. All jam and
fruit butter must be stirred very often as
they scorch easily.

Grape Preserves.—Place the skins and
pulp of grapes (after removing the seeds) in
a kettle and cook with a little water till
tender, then strain through a colander and
keep just at scalding heat 15 minutes. If
allowed to boil the skins will become tough.
Seal hot in pint or quart cans. The kettle
should be covered while the skins and pulp
are cooking.

Two Little Sand Heaps.

Two little sand heaps by the sea,
As much alike as peas and pea.

Beside one heap a little lad
Was sitting, and he said to me
Upon his knee, with patient hand
Moulded a mound, and as I went
Past him I wondered what he meant
"A pier," he asked, "A fort," said he.

Two little sand heaps by the sea,
As much alike as peas and pea.

Beside the other pile of sand
There sat a tiny gold-haired maid,
She was so small, so sweet and true,
The warm, white hillock, and I said,
"That is a noble fort you've made."

Two little sand heaps by the sea,
As much alike as peas and pea.

Two little sand heaps by the sea,
As much alike as peas and pea.

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PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered From Various Points From the
Atlantic to the Pacific.

Allandale's rate of taxation is 28 mills.
Around Barrie threshing machines are
being stolen.

The chair factory at Walkerton is en-
larging its premises.

Orillia will probably have a free night
school this winter.

H. F. Leonard has been appointed City
Clerk of Stratford.

Mrs. A. Lawson died this week in Lon-
don, at the age of 90 years.

The Kent Canning Company, Chatham,
turns out 12,000 cans daily.

Delphi people think coal oil can be had
there by boring deep enough.

An eleven pound channel cat-fish has
been caught at Strawberry Island.

The new Industrial Home at Athens will
have a capacity for 100 beds.

A little Indian boy was found in Orillia
the other day helplessly drunk.

The Boy's Brigade is one of the most
energetic of Winnipeg's organizations.

Burglars have been operating in Ingersoll
lately, but without much success.

The Aitken estate at Tottenham has paid
a dividend of 8 cents on the dollar.

The open season for deer is from the 20th
of October to the 15th of November.

Wm. Martin's large new barn, at Ravens-
cliffe, has been destroyed by lightning.

Indian camp meetings are being held on
the Rama reserve, and will be attended.

Brantford is to have a training school
in connection with the Sabbath School As-
sociation.

400 cords of wood and saw logs numer-
able have been destroyed by fire near Glen
Huron.

The largest bell in America is said to be
in the Cathedral of Montreal, and weighs
25,500 lbs.

A daily steamboat service will be estab-
lished next season between Port Stanley
and Cleveland.

A local company has been formed at St.
Thomas to manufacture Portland cement
on a large scale.

The Methodists of Atherly have decided
to build a new church, and operations will
begin at once.

The Bishop of Huron has appointed Rev.
S. R. Ashbury to the charge of Christ
church, Port Stanley.

Mr. W. G. Bidwell, of Cranberry, owns a
goose over 60 years of age, and she struts
about and attends to business the same as
50 years ago.

City Treasurer Wilkes, of Brantford, who
is 85 years old, has been superannuated
by the city council.

Canada's total foreign trade has fallen off
\$4,000,000 for the first two months of the
current fiscal year.

Wallace Temple, the 25-year-old son of a
G.T.R. engineer, was stabbed in London
and seriously injured.

It is reported that a modern paper manu-
facturing mill will be established in the
vicinity of Vancouver.

Wm. C. Noble, of Killarney, accidentally
shot himself a few days ago while hunting.
He only lived a few hours.

Mrs. A. Lawson, relict of Lawrence
Lawson, for many years police magistrate
of London, died Saturday.

J. A. Stewart, agent at Ingersoll for the
Singer Sewing Machine Company, has been
missing since Monday last.

A Newmarket lad named McDonald had
a curve put in his nose by contact with the
rubber while playing lacrosse.

The North-West Assembly has decided
that all schools shall open with the simple
reading of the Lord's Prayer.

The new hall erected by the Marshalls at
Vasey has been opened, and a large
crowd attended the ceremony.

Freight is being handled by wagons be-
tween Winnipeg and some distant provin-
cial towns to save high railway charges.

ARE THE RICH GROWING RICHER.

Mr. Giffen Says the Masses of Great Brit-
ain Are Receiving the Whole of the
Great Material Improvement in That
Country.

In a contribution to the North American
Review, which deserves careful attention,
Mr. W. H. Mallock considers an assump-
tion, which gives the main impulse to the
socialistic propaganda, and he shows that
this is wholly without foundation.

The assumption is that under the conditions
of contemporary civilization which is
reared upon the principle of individual
property and upon the application of much-
industry to industry, poverty is increasing at
a distressing and formidable rate.

The rich are growing richer and the poor
poorer was taken for granted by Karl Marx,
and the assertion is continually repeated
in socialistic speeches and writings.

Mr. Mallock, however, undertakes to prove
that the reverse is the case in England,
which Marx himself accepted as the most
perfect example of the working of the
latest type of civilization.

What, therefore, is true of England must be true also of other
countries where like conditions prevail.

It is to Mr. Giffen, the Statistical Sec-
retary to the Board of Trade, that English
Socialists, when they utter their purpose, are
wont to appeal as to the greatest living
authority.

But Mr. Giffen, as the Review
points out, has declared that so far as "the
individual income" is concerned, "it would
be far better for the mark to say that the
whole of the great material improvement of
the past fifty years has gone to the
masses."

The clear, cold light of statistics
reveals the fact that in England the average
fortunes of the rich are distinctly, if not
greatly decreasing; that persons possessed
of moderate means, say from \$750 to \$5,000
a year, are increasing faster than any other
class; while the average increase of indi-
vidual incomes has been greatest among the
lower-earning masses.

Not only do the masses receive on an average larger in-
comes, but these procure them more com-
forts and luxuries; they inhabit better
houses, wear better clothes, consume per
head an increasing quantity of meat, but-
ter, tea, sugar and tobacco; and, according
to the latest census, the persons who minister
actively to the amusement of the masses
have increased in ten years some 30 per
cent.

If the socialistic assumption had any
foundation, we might expect it to prove
true in this respect, that, though the num-
ber of the population is increasing, the
number of employers and small tradesmen
is decreasing, small factories being merged
in larger ones, and many small shops in a
few gigantic emporiums.

Even this seems
not to be the case. The number of small
manufacturing firms and retail shops in
London has during the last ten years kept
pace with the growth of population, while
the number of textile factories instead of
decreasing, as Karl Marx predicted, has
increased from 6,807 in 1870 to 7,463 in
1885.

How has it happened that an assumption
really counter to the facts is so generally
put forward as a truism? The currency of
the mistake is due to the tendency of those
persons who are not conversant with the
actual conditions of the country, to assume
as economic impracticability, to confuse
phenomena essentially distinct; to confound,
that is to say, a mere change in the distri-
bution of poverty with a growth of the
poverty itself.

Mr. Mallock would describe the
growth of poverty in a given place exhibits an
absolute increase, it may at the same time
have decreased in that place relatively to
the population. It is, in truth, no paradox
to say that a country, a nation, may, as a
whole, be growing constantly more pros-
perous, and yet may contain an increasing
amount of wretchedness and misery. The ex-
planation is that, wherever the modern in-
dustrial system has been introduced, at
whatever spot labor has been massed to-
gether and put in operation by capital
handled with intellect and ability, there
has resulted not only an enormous increase
in the production of wealth, but also a
great increase in the local population; and
yet, though the gross product of wealth
per head of those employed and the share
thereof taken in the shape of wages or in-
comes by each member of a great majority
of the population may be increasing year
by year; yet there may continue to exist a
minority or residuum which fails to par-
ticipate in the general progress, and which
may increase in absolute number, while
relatively the mass of the population is in-
creasing.

To illustrate this point, Mr.
Mallock takes the case of a village of five
hundred inhabitants expanding into a
manufacturing community of fifty thousand.
He assumes that for having produced a
paper class is taken, and this is found to
number a thousand persons. Those who
look merely at the superficial fact of
absolute increase will denounce the modern
industrial system for having produced a
thousand miserable human beings where
there were only twenty-five before, while,
in truth, the proportion of the paupers
to the prosperous was far greater formerly
than it is now.

In the village there was
one unfortunate being to twenty fortunate
ones; in the city there is but one to fifty.

To what should we attribute the often
observed tendency to confound an absolute
increase of poverty with an increase
relative to the population? Mr. Mallock
ascribes it not to stupidity or dishonesty,
but, in most cases, to thoughtlessness or
ignorance. It is evident, however, that
lay-makers and the enlighteners of public
opinion, who are the body of the body
politic, can no more be indulged in a
confusion of thought than in a confusion
of fact.

As a given area of land, population
under modern industrial conditions, there
will be more cases of illness than there were
before; but such an increase is entirely
compatible with an improvement in health
throughout all classes. As a village well
into a city, more people will die in it; and
yet the death rate may be lower. It
follows that if we would estimate the real
character of modern progress, we must
consider not the actual number of the poor,
but the rate of pauperism, i.e., studying
the tendencies of the existing industrial
system, it is primarily a dispositive to
mark its effects for good on the vast major-
ity of the population, and not the unhappy
condition of a small minority, which, as
statistics prove, is tending relatively to di-
minish. From the view of it of poverty

itself, the problem which the statesman has
to solve is not how to revolutionize our
present institutions in the interests of the
unfortunate, but how to absorb their rela-
tively decreased numbers into the society
which economic impracticability and Social-
ists would destroy.

FATAL FIRE IN DETROIT.

Half a Dozen Firemen Killed and a Num-
ber of Persons Injured.

A despatch from Detroit, Mich., says:—
Fire was discovered in the shipping room
of the furniture store of Keenan & John at
7:30 a.m. on Friday. An alarm was prompt-
ly turned in, but by the time the engines
arrived the fire had gained considerable
headway, having run up the elevator shaft.
The entire upper floor was a mass of smoke
and flame when the first stream was thrown.
There were 60 employees in the building,
and most of them had great difficulty in
escaping. The building, an old-fashioned
five-story brick, was soon gutted, and the
stock ruined. At 9 o'clock the front wall
of the building tumbled into Woodward
avenue, but the mass of debris did not
spread beyond the fourth floor. The firemen
working in front of the building were
warned as quickly as possible. Some
got out from under, but a dozen
or more unfortunate fellows were
unable to do so, on account of the pile
of brick, glass and burnt timbers at the
front of the store. A shout of horror went
up simultaneously from the throats of thou-
sands who were in the street, and then there
was a crash like that of an earthquake. The
air was filled with dust and sheets of flame
and smoke. Then some of the falling wall
broke the heavy electric wire in front of the
trolley wire. A flash of spluttering electric
flame burst out from the wires and down
the street, to escape being shocked. A
number of men, women and children were
trampled under the feet of the frighten-
ed spectators, but none were seriously hurt.

DEAD FIREMEN.

The first man taken from under the debris
was Lieut. Michael H. Donoghue of chemi-
cal No. 1. He was dead. The next body
found was that of Richard Daly, fireman
of engine No. 9, lying under two iron col-
umns, and the head and back frightfully
crushed. The next dead man taken out
was fireman John Page, of No. 9. Fred-
erick A. Bussey, a spectator, was taken to
Grace hospital and died. Mike Gray, also
taken to Grace hospital, was found to be
so badly injured about the head that he
may die. Julius Cummings, engine 2, and
Mike Ball, fireman of No. 9, are still in
the ruins, and certainly dead. Eight other
firemen are injured. Lieut. O'Rourke, of
engine No. 8, fireman No. 8, and
C. Cronin, No. 8; John R. Newell,
truck No. 2, injured about head; Thomas
Garry, substitute, badly bruised; Leslie
McNamara, No. 2; Henry Kimberley, No.
2; Henry Horvitz, stand broke. The aggre-
gates on building and stock is estimated
at \$80,000; fully insured.

HOTELS AND BICYCLING.

The Bicycle May Bring Back the Old Fash-
ioned, Comfortable, Homely Tavern.

Bicycling is not only a fashion, but it has
become a fact. It has been taken up by
society, and a lady must now be able to
ride a wheel as well as once able to drive
a tandem.

It is a good and desirable thing
that it is so. More healthful exercise can
not be imagined. The next thing in order
will be bicycle jaunts and tours, and these
will bring down the demand for good roads
and will bring back the old fashioned inn
or tavern. Not many now remember those
days of pleasurable travel over pikes and
highways, in coach or carriage, when at
night they would travel before a sub-
stantial tavern and find the best of
welcomes, and a smoking table within to
charm an epicure. Stonehouse, in verses
often quoted, and always admired, de-
scribes it:

Here quail, take my word, ere
Which lackeys eke must howl to wing.
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys more than a lord's reward.

Whoever has traveled life's dull round,
Wherever his stages may have been,
May wish to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

The monster hotels of modern life can
never take the place of the old fashioned,
comfortable, homely tavern. There is no
home life and no freedom in a hotel, but
there used to be in the old inn, with its
gabled roof, its vine-covered porch and
its diamond-paned windows. What those
of our literature have been without those
of our fiction and drama about them.

And for the future, stand the Tabernacle of
"Cathedral Tales"; then the Boar's Head
that Falstaff and Prince Hal frequented,
and following them are innumerable fa-
mous hostries down to the White Horse
in London. Could we lose them?
Indeed we could not. Nor less could we
lose the Will's and Buttons of Addison and
Steele, the Turk's Head and Mitre of John-
son, the St. James's of Goldsmith, or the
Red Lion of Burns.

And the bicycle, restoring all these and
bringing back happiness to the tourist and
traveler. Dr. Johnson declared a hundred
and twenty years ago that "there is nothing
which has yet been contrived by man by
which so much happiness is produced as by a
good tavern or inn." And another of his
deliverances was that a "tavern chair is the
throne of human felicity." It may go fast
and far, but it tends in the right direction.
Good roads and good hostries will follow
in its wake.

EAST AFRICA.

Several Whites Massacred by Kaffirs—
Supremacy of the Portuguese Anti-
thetical.

A despatch from Lourenço Marques says:
The Kaffirs continue their raiding and loot-
ing here. The other morning several whites
and a number of friendly Kaffirs were
attacked and massacred in the outskirts of
the town. The Portuguese and foreign
settlers are incensed because of the alleged
apathy of the authorities, and are holding
public meetings to denounce the incompet-
ency of the Government, and to demand
energetic action to crush the Kaffirs. Busi-
ness is paralysed, and the public offices are
closed.

A newspaper published for any other
purpose than to make money is not gener-
ally published very long.

To the question whether the use of the
bicycle in moderation is good for women,
the Paris Journal de Medicine has just re-
ceived answers from forty-three doctors, of
whom thirty-three say yes, and ten say no.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting News About Some of the
Great Folks of the World.

Prince Ugo Boncompagni-Ludovisi is
about to become a monk. He is only 32
years old, has been twice married, and has
five children, which may, perhaps, account
for it.

Prince Rospoli, Mayor of Rome, is a be-
liever in Republicanism. He owns land in
Florida, raises cranberries in New Jersey
bogs, and married, after being widowed a
second time, Miss Josephine Mary Beers
Curtis, of Boston, his present wife.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inven-
tor of the telephone, is now at work on
the problem of seeing as well as talking
through a wire. He firmly believes that
we shall soon be able to see the people we
are talking to by telephone, although
hundreds of miles away.

In consecrating Senor Cabrera as the
Protestant bishop in Spain, Archbishop
Plunkett, of Dublin, has in the opinion of
High Anglican and American Churchmen,
committed an act of schism by "baptizing"
into the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic
bishops of Spain.

The youngest railway manager in the
world is Archie Cowley, of Bellingham, Minn.,
who is seven years old. His father, who is a
St. Paul banker, has had built for him an
electric railway one-tenth of a mile in
length, of which he is the manager, owner,
and company.

A large fortune befall a little while
other day in Pittsburgh. A man who said
he was a New York travelling man called
on the woman who was taking care of the
house, and said that he had fallen heir to
\$125,000 on the death of his mother.

King Humbert is a sportsman of unusu-
al skill. He went out from his hunting
lodge at Valle dell'Orco one day recently
and killed eighteen wild geese and thirty-
two chickens. When the "bag" was counted
he was found to have killed every one of the
victims of the royal rifle had been shot in
the head.

On account of the threatening letters
received by Mme. Carnot, mother of the
assassinated President of France, the com-
mandant of the gendarmes of Neuilly-
sur-Seine has given orders to reinforce the
brigade of Ferte-Aleais, which has in its
territory the castle of Presles, the residence
of Mme. Carnot.

Owing to the low financial state of the
Austrian treasury, his highness has asked
his soldiers to give him one month's pay to
make up the deficiency due to the purchase
of machines, arms, and ammunition, &c.,
from Europe. The men have agreed to
surrender a month's pay, and the Austro-
Amer said, would be a landmark of their
loyalty in history.

Alphonse Daudet said recently: "For the
last fifteen years every three months I have
received a note, written with pencil, from
the same man who evidently is a great
traveler, for his letter bear all the stamps
of the world. He tells me that he trains
animals to pronounce my name, and then
lets them go. I have never been able to
find out who he is."

The people of Wellington, N. Z., who
claim to be one of their citizens, whose only
claim to greatness is his enormous beard
and mustache. His name is James Brown.
He is 6 feet 1 inch in height, but even his
great stature does not hinder his own beard
from trailing on the ground, and his beard
is erect. The mustache is even a greater
curiosity than his beard, being exactly 7
feet and four inches "from tip to tip."

Surgery's discovery of a way to obliterate
facial blemishes has given the European
detective forces a great deal of difficulty in
locating well-known criminals. By these
operations the whole character of the facial
expression is sometimes changed by a few
little jobs of a lancet. The wounds heal in
a very short time, and the man's face is
never noticed. The criminal fraternity
are not slow to take hold of this knowledge,
and, in consequence the descriptions in the
possessions of the detectives cannot always
be depended upon.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Swipes.

Mr. Saxton and his wife were seated in their buggy. They were going to spend the day with a sick friend who lived five or six miles distant. As they drove away Mr. Saxton addressed his son, a lad of sixteen years of age:

"Now, Swipes, you must handle them horses very carefully to-day and not let them get away from you. If from any cause Swipes refuses to pay the price agreed upon for the wheat, bring it back. I will stop at neighbor Day's and have him send Jim over to help you load."

Will Saxton, for such was the youth's name (Swipes being a nickname), was a stout and energetic lad of sixteen, willing to work, but he had one fault which sometimes proved very expensive and annoying to himself and all those around him. He was thoughtless, always doing things with a rush, and did not exercise proper caution, and therefore often came to grief.

It was from this manner of conducting himself that he earned the name of Swipes. An old gentleman said to his father, one day:

"Saxton, that boy of yours seems to just want to swipe everything before him." After this, Will Saxton became "Swipes," which seemed a very appropriate name.

After his parents were gone Swipes went to the barn to harness and hitch up his father's team. He was to drive to the station, about five miles distant, with a load of wheat which Mr. Saxton had engaged to be delivered by four o'clock that afternoon. Swipes wished to get started by eight, as the boys of the neighborhood were going to meet and play ball that afternoon, and he wanted very much to get back in time to join them. He hitched the team to the wagon and was driving to the granary when he discovered that he had left his watch hanging in his room. He could not think of going without his watch. It would be a moment to get it. There would be no danger in leaving the horses that long. So away he went and got the watch, and as he bounded out of the door he saw that the team had started off at a lively gallop. He ran after them, but "the faster the faster," and poor Swipes was left far in the rear.

About one hundred yards from where they started they ran through a gateway and one hind wheel catching the post tore the hind carriage loose. The post increased the speed of the now frightened animals. They ran on about fifty yards farther with the front carriage still clinging to them, bringing up against a plank fence. Jim was coming along the field intending to help Swipes load the wheat. He reached the fence about the same time the horses did and managed to secure them. Swipes came up a few moments later, and the two sons engaged to load the wheat.

The team was terribly excited and the off horse had sprained his ankle severely. Swipes was greatly put out, as the wagon was demolished and the horse too lame to drive.

"Well, Jim," said Swipes, after they had got the horses in the stable, "this is a bad business, but I must deliver that wheat. I am going to yoke Pete and Barney and take it on my own go."

Pete and Barney were a yoke of steers that Mr. Saxton had broken to work on the farm. They had driven them some on the road, but they had never made the trip to the station. Barney was sometimes difficult to catch and was very headstrong, but the boys succeeded in yoking the cattle, and after they hitched them to the ox wagon, soon had the forty bushels of wheat loaded, and Swipes started on his trip.

The oxen traveled well and had made about one mile of the distance when all at once the bow that held the yoke on the neck of the off-side steer broke and he slipped out of the harness free to go where he pleased. When the steer discovered that he was free he began cropping the grass which grew by the roadside. Swipes spoke very kindly to him, calling him pet names, but as he had been pretty free with the lash on the road, the steer would not be coaxed or let Swipes come near, but with an angry shake of the head started toward home at a lively gallop.

Swipes now realized that this trouble was brought on by utter carelessness and lack of proper consideration on his part. When yoking the oxen at the barn he doubted the sufficiency of the bow, but could not take time, as he thought, to get the new yoke which had been left in the cowshed some distance from the barn.

With the hope of catching the fleeing steer Swipes followed on, leaving the off-side hitched to the wagon; but he never succeeded in catching up with the runaway until he reached home, after which, with some difficulty, he drove the ox into the barn, and secured him with a rope. He then went to the shed and got the new yoke and started back, leading the ox and carrying the yoke.

On reaching the wagon Swipes found that the ox he had left there had also concluded to come home, and in trying to turn square about had broken the wagon tongue short off. He was now almost completely discouraged, but would not give up yet. He yoked the oxen and went to Mr. Jones's, a few rods up the road, and got the loan of a wagon. This wagon had no box, and he was compelled to unload the wheat and place his wagon box on, then reload again. When he was ready to start again it was half past eleven.

He had a sack of apples his mother wished him to take to a friend on the road. Rather than take the trouble to throw this upon him, he just dumped it in the rear of the wagon-box, thinking it would ride there. After traveling a couple of miles, on looking back at his apples he found they were gone. He imagined he could see them lying a short distance back, so off he started, not thinking but what the team would stand until he got back. He had to go much further than he anticipated, and when he returned the oxen had pulled off into the ditch and were feeding on the grass which grew there in profusion. The ground being wet and swampy, the wheels sank almost to the hub, and Swipes could not get the oxen to move the wagon.

A youth with less energy and determination would now perhaps have given up all hopes of reaching his destination in time, but Swipes went to work unloading the sacks, placing them on solid ground a few yards distant. He had to unload the last sack before the oxen would move the wagon.

It took Swipes an hour and a half to unload the wheat, get the wagon back in the road, and load up again. He now had only one hour in which to drive to the station, which was yet two miles distant. He still had hope of getting there in time, if he met with no other mishap, but oxen are very slow travelers, and it was just five minutes after four when he reached the station, and as he drove up he saw a train leaving. Calling Mr. Simpson, he told him he had brought the wheat.

"You are so late, my boy. The car has just gone. Had you been ten minutes sooner you would have been in time. If I take your wheat I will have to take it at a reduced price."

"Can you not give the price agreed upon?"

"I cannot," replied Mr. Simpson. Prices on wheat are lower."

"If I cannot get the price agreed upon my orders are to take it back."

"I cannot give it," replied Mr. Simpson. So Swipes started back with his wheat, and without meeting with any further mishap, reached home sometime after dark, where his parents, who having heard of part of his ill luck, were anxiously awaiting his return. Swipes, pleading fatigue, soon retired to bed, but little did he sleep till late in the night. He was reflecting, and making new resolves. He realized the disastrous nature of the day's work, which had all been brought about by carelessness and thoughtlessness. The resolutions he then made he kept. He became careful and cautious, and in later years he prospered in all his undertakings.

ODD ITEMS.

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan, it would have a population of 960,000,000 people.

White clothing is cool because it reflects the heat of the sun; black clothing is warm because it absorbs both heat and light.

A burning gas jet is unhealthy in a bed-chamber, because one gashlight gives out as much carbonic acid gas as two sleepers.

A law in Norway prohibits any person from spending more than five cents for liquor at one visit to a public-house, and alcoholic stimulants are supplied only to sober persons. This must keep a thirsty man running all the time.

The paper for the Bank of England notes is always made from new white linen—never from rags or anything that has been used before. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on an automatic dial.

Bread, as a daily article of food, is used by only about one-third of the fifteen hundred millions that constitute the present population of the world. In the districts of Spanish America, the staff of life is the banana, on the Pampas dried beef, and in eastern Asia rice, either in the form of a soup or thick gruel. "He has eaten his last meal," say the Chinese in anticipation of a funeral.

A borehole in Sicily has reached a depth of 6,700 feet, and is expected to be extended another quarter of a mile downward. The tube is fully two inches wide at the bottom. At seven feet below the surface the temperature is constant at 51 degrees Fahrenheit; the increase is one degree for each fifty-five feet of descent down to about 1,800 feet, and one degree for every further forty-four feet of depth.

Higashi Honmaru is the name of a magnificent temple in the center of erecting in Kyoto, the old capital of Japan. For ten years it has been going on, and millions of dollars have been expended; and it is yet far from finished. The huge timbers used for pillars, frame, and rafters were hauled from the forests by cables made of women's hair! Twenty-nine such cables have been worn out, and twenty-four are now being made. The huge timbers still a strong hold, on the body of the people, when the women make such a wonderful contribution for one of its temples.

THIRTY IRONCLADS.

To be sent by Great Britain to Chinese Waters—A Frenchman's View.

A Paris correspondent cables as follows:—The war scare on account of the Madagascar question has subsided, but there is at danger to the peace of Europe on another score, for England is going to intervene in China, and Europe will not allow her to intervene there alone. The power of England in the far east has received a serious blow through the victories of Japan. Under the pretext of protecting English residents in China, England will send 30 iron-clad ships to the China seas, and she will then propose to China to protect her against Japan on condition of the cession of certain territory. What this territory will be Europe does not know, but English diplomats have already made up their minds what they will ask for. It will be a repetition of what Diarail did with Turkey in 1878, but this time England will not succeed, for England will not be alone. The danger for China is that if England takes an inch of her territory in the south Russia will take a foot in the north. The conflict between Russia and England in the far east, which has been long delayed, will then suddenly become inevitable.

A Cool Proposition.

A Russian journal advises Russia, England and France to make short work of the war by dividing up the Chinese Empire between them, each taking a third. If Russia wants a third of Chinese territory, or even a slice of Corea, she will have to take it out alone. Then it will be found a harder mouthful to swallow than Portland, which has not yet been entirely assimilated. The cool and comprehensive morality of the proposition is characteristic of Russia. This has been forced upon China, and because she happens to be getting the worst of the struggle so far with the single opponent, it is suggested to the powerful by standers to rush in and destroy her while opportunity offers. It would indeed be a beautiful and glorious sight to see the civilized nations slashing their swords upon Peking, carry fire and sword and disaster to the heart. What a triumph it would be for Christianity. The bravery of the accomplishment would be enhanced by the fortunate distress of the victim. A great moral lesson would be taught, and Japan taking it to heart, might become Christianized without more ado. It is a proposition which might be enhanced by a stroke of the long run than the present system of slow missionary effort.

Fortune calls at the smiling day—Japan's proverb.

HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.

A Grandson Marries His Deceased Grandfather's Wife and Becomes His Own Grandfather.

However greatly we of the male persuasion—girls are not so fortunate—may be petted or indulged in our earlier years by that venerable relative, our affection for her does not tend in a matrimonial direction—we do not love her "in that way." What boy ever promised her that he would marry her "when he grew up." Yet the thing has been done, and the facts of what is perhaps almost an isolated case are within the writer's own knowledge.

A few years ago there died, in a London suburb, a builder, whom we will call Mr. Smith, leaving a considerable amount of property, the whole of which was bequeathed to his widow. She was his second wife about five-and-twenty, good looking, and of pleasing manner. She had been an old maid's darling; and a widow young and well-to-do seldom remains a widow for long. The widow carried on the business after her husband's death, and as a woman usually knows little about bricks and mortar, she found it necessary to employ a man to manage it for her. The manager was the grandson of old Mr. Smith, and after a decent interval of mourning had clasped proposed to her and was accepted. Whether either or both knew that a marriage between them, could be no more than a mere formality owing to their close relationship, is hardly doubtful. They must have been fully aware that their union would be quite illegal. Be that as it may, they were married; but to avoid giving too great a shock to their neighbors, or suspecting that their own clergyman might raise some objection to the wedding took place in an adjoining parish, where they were not so well known.

Two sons were the issue of the marriage, and then a complication of an extraordinary nature arose. Mr. Smith, junior, was, of course, the grandson of his grandfather's widow. Her sons were therefore his uncles. Mrs. Smith, as the grandmother of young Mr. Smith, was great-grandmother to her own children. If two cousins marry they remain cousins, although husband and wife. Similarly Mrs. Smith's relationship to her second husband would not be altered by their marriage; she was still his grandmother. By marrying him she made him grandson to her grandfather. He was therefore his own grandfather; and as her grandchildren must be called his, he was also his own grandchild.

The lady died within four years of her second marriage, and of the subsequent history of this strangely mixed family we have no knowledge. With the exception of the names, the facts related are strictly true.

Women Clubs.

English women, like English men, possess a talent for enjoying the advantages and comforts of a club that their American sisters know nothing about. An English woman's club is first of all a convenience, a soothing luxury, an oasis in domesticity, a quiet, independent nook, where the last book or magazine, a cup of good tea and a half-hour's talk are all to be enjoyed. Secondly and only occasionally does she use it for mental improvement. She is not over fond of having herself warned, threatened, coerced or derided in her club's sacred precincts by a series of members who cherish opinions. Neither does she wish to go to school in her club, since she asks of it relaxation, not cultivation. Now and again she requests some person of recognized ability to come and talk to her in her club rooms on some special topic of current interest. She likes a vigorous debate or a clever recitation at intervals, a little good music and an annual dinner. There are a half dozen clubs of this sort for women in London, and another in Newcastle has been opened recently for a mission similar to that fulfilled by the London clubs. There is but one such organization in all New York, where women still have an idea that the word club is synonymous with self-improvement and not small personal comforts.

Contract Rates.

Social Saunders—"How much for a hair cut and shave?" Barber—"Fifty cents an hour."

MYSTERIOUS SHOOTING AFFAIR.

A Toronto Shooting Case Which Shrouded in Mystery.

A despatch from Toronto says:—On Saturday night 18-year-old Frank B. Westwood was shot down by an unknown man on the steps of his father's residence on Jameson avenue. Shortly before 11 o'clock the young man went to answer the door bell. On opening the door a revolver was presented at him without warning and discharged. Westwood fell backwards into the doorway. A 44-calibre bullet had entered his body some distance below the nipple of his right breast. The assailant made good his escape. The whole affair is shrouded in mystery. Neither the wounded boy nor his relatives could think of any motive for the crime. At a late hour Sunday night Westwood lay at the point of death. Westwood's home, which is at the corner of Jameson avenue, is one of the finest in Parkdale. It stands a hundred yards back from the street, and is fronted by a stretch of beautiful greenward and shade trees, and approached by a well kept semi-circular carriage drive, with luscious footwalks.

The elevators of Manitoba receive 125,000 bushels of grain daily.

THE FARM.

Improved Brace For Wire Fences.

One trouble with wire fences is the liability of the wires to become loose, sagging down or losing their tension. This is mainly caused by the posts tipping or leaning towards the point of the greatest strain and which is not fully overcome by the common plan of placing a brace against the top end of the post, the other end being imbedded in the ground. This lower end is subject to the action of frost, decay and the liability of the stone or other substance



SECURE WIRE FENCE BRACE.

Against which it rests to become displaced. By the plan shown this trouble is obviated, and a firm anchorage secured. The two end posts are connected at the top by a strip of pole, a two by two three inch strips, are nailed in the form of an X to the top and bottom of the post; they are also firmly connected together at the center by bolts or spikes. This plan is equally well for ends of fences or the center of a long line. In the latter case it equalizes the strain from both directions.

Harvesting and Storing Roots.

The first thing to be done in the harvesting and storing roots, is to cut off their tops with a sharp hoe, while the roots are yet in the ground, pulling the tops from two rows into one. To pull the roots take a plow—one with an old mold board and the upper half broken off is best—plow them out, throwing two rows together into the space not occupied by the tops. The few roots that are wholly covered with the soil may be thrown out with a fork. In gathering the roots, use no baskets, but throw them directly into the wagon, cautioning the loaders to take one root in each hand, knock them together to jar off the soil. The load is driven directly to the cellar, where a chute has been constructed, about the length of the wagon box and leading to the cellar. The advantage of the chute consists in two or three men being able to work at unloading at the same time without being in each other's way. The chute should be constructed with a slatted bottom, so that the roots will drop to the ground. This freeing of the roots from earth is an important factor in their keeping, as they will certainly decay if much earth and litter is left adhering. To further aid in the cleaning process, dry time should be selected for the work.

The general rule is to harvest roots the first week in November, though circumstances might make a difference in the time. It is considered unwise to leave them out longer, if the weather permits the work. For convenience in feeding and to keep a comparatively high temperature, the bin is placed in the center of the basement of a large barn. The sides are made by boarding up the studding on the inside next the roots, with cheap, rough lumber. The outside covered first with building paper and then with matched plank boards. In very cold seasons, a covering of straw will prevent the roots from becoming frosted. Two or three ventilating tubes should be placed among the roots. These are cheaply made by nailing a tube, boring auger holes in the four sides at frequent intervals. Stored in this manner, roots may be perfectly preserved until the middle of May.

Freshets Damaging Hillsides.

The dashing, tempestuous showers of summer frequently do much damage by washing hillsides that are not protected by a covering of sod. Hence it is wise to allow tillable land so located, to be under the plow no longer than possible, and devoting it to continuous grain or hood crops that necessitate leaving the surface barren a greater portion of the year. By care in plowing and harrowing, it is not a difficult matter to render a stiff and suitable for a seed bed for any of the spring grains, and hence enough to sow at the same time seeding of timothy and clover. Upon and around the latter should always be sown with the timothy, as it becomes more quickly established, and feeds upon the sod turned under. Being a biennial, by the time clover has run out, the timothy is so well established as to take full possession of the surface, and be aided in its growth by the fertility furnished by the decaying roots, leaves and stems of clover. Those who find they are not successful with spring seeding should replow the sod field; harrow at intervals of one month. At the proper time sow to winter wheat or rye, applying the well-rooted barnyard manure previous to the last harrowing, or sowing commercial fertilizers with the grain, at the same time sowing six quarts of timothy to the acre. Four quarts of red clover should be added at the proper time, the following spring. This management should not only yield a good crop of grain, but a fine sod as well. The fall-sown timothy grows rapidly, and, combined with the growing grain, soon offers sufficient resistance and tenacity to the surface soil as to prevent any serious damage from the washing of hillsides thus grassed over.

Hay for Dairy Cows.

If there is any favoritism shown on the farm in the way of feed given to stock, it should be to the dairy cows. There is always more or less poor hay, and oftentimes this is stacked amongst the better quality. Those who have noticed the fastidious tastes of dairy cows, are careful to keep the prime hay separated from the poor and coarse grades, and carefully weed out all that may be musty. Thus early-cut hay is far better for milk production. The latter cut may be fed to horses or to other stock about the farm. It is also a good plan to keep the early-cut hay to feed the calves.

Preparations for Fencing.

Posts should be obtained and sharpened

during the leisure of winter, hauled along the line they are to occupy, the holes being made and posts driven soon as the frost leaves the ground, which is usually before either spring farm operations demand attention.

Ploughing by Steam.

At the Lowe farm, near Morris, Manitoba, the combined steam plow and threshing machine has been at work. The plows are ten in number and are drawn by a traction engine. There is a threshing outfit attached, and as the machine goes along men throw sheaves of grain on it, the grain comes out at the sides and the straw is carried forward to feed the fire in the engine. It is described as a wonderful invention and is capable of plowing two acres an hour.

GIVING THE BABY A NAME.

Some of the Curious Methods Adopted by People of Different Countries.

The Hindu baby is named when 12 days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother; in that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child.

In the Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some deified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby.

The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the first slip drawn out is given to the child.

The children of the Ainos, a people living in northern Japan, do not receive their names until they are 5 years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterward to be called.

The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must give themselves by their names until they are 20 years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them Number One, Number Two, Number Three, Number Four and so on, according to their birth.

Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls are that if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl how many children he has, he will always reply: "Only one child."

German parents sometimes change the name of their baby if it is ill; and the Japanese are said to change the names of their children four times.

MODERATE SIZED WARSHIPS.

Ships of the Moderate Size Are Found to be the Most Effective.

The conclusion of Admiral Colomb that the battle of the mouth of the Yalu is an argument for moderate-sized rather than the largest war ships, must be welcome to those naval designers who have taken the same general view. The inference thus drawn is not, to be sure, wholly convincing, because none of the ships engaged on either side were of the class described by the Admiral as "great vessels that cost £1,000,000." Hence it still remains to be seen what second-class battle ships or protected cruisers would do against first-class battle ships like the nine new ones of the Majestic and Magnificent class that England is now constructing, or is about to lay down. Still, it is clear that even the draught of such battle ships as China possessed was fatal in the shallow waters where they fought, and it is also clear that the vessel of moderate size on which Japan relied also carried batteries powerful enough to overcome China's heaviest ships. An English expert, in a recent essay on "Moderate Dimensions," presents an argument founded on the teachings of history in favor of the proposition that "ships of moderate and not small dimensions are found to be the most effective." Lord Brassey has said that he does not favor putting too many eggs into one basket, and that it is better to build a large number of vessels of the size of the Centurion and the Barfleur than a smaller number of the majestic class. The former are of about 10,500 tons displacement and the latter of about 14,000. Italy long ago adopted the policy of constructing enormous vessels, but its admiralty has been questioned by England in her nine new battle ships, goes about to the 10,500 tons mark, but France and Russia do not yet follow her there.

Migration in Europe.

While in almost every civilized country of the world there is a marked tendency on the part of the rural population to flock to the towns and cities in the hope of improvement of his material prospects, in Denmark alone the people show a disposition to migrate from the towns to the country. This is due to the increased care and attention bestowed by the Danish Government upon agriculture, an industry which about ten years ago was apparently in its death throes. The Danish farmer, on the advice of the authorities, has adapted his business to up-to-date requirements. Finding that the price of wheat has fallen off so largely as to leave little profit to the cultivator, he has turned his hand to better purposes, and laid himself out to produce butter and eggs to the greatest possible extent, the export of butter for the past year having exceeded the average for the previous three years by 17,000,000 pounds. As for pigs, the Danes have made a discovery that they pay best when sent abroad in the form of bacon and ham, and they have erected slaughter and hog-cutting establishments on a large scale, with most satisfactory results. The result is that at the present moment Denmark is the only country in Europe from which one hears no complaint of the decline of agriculture and of the evil days that are alleged to have overtaken farming.

Was Well Trained.

Mr. Wicks is a very pleasant gentleman. He is married or single? "Married, I'm sure." "Did he speak of his wife?" "No but he didn't once forget and lean against the sole pillars."

DIVING FOR GOLD.

A New Scheme to Raise the Treasure on a Sunken War Ship.

For More than a Hundred Years a Five Million Dollar Treasure has Laid at the Bottom of the Deep, and all Attempts to Recover it Unsuccessful.

There is a new plan afoot to raise the treasure that went down with the British man-of-war *Husar*, when she foundered off Port Morris, in 1780, and carried to the bottom seventy prisoners who were manacled on her gun deck and British guineas to the amount of \$4,900,000.

There have been many attempts to recover the sunken treasure by the use of dynamite, and the work of divers, but as far as is known, all have been fruitless.

The plan which is to be put in operation in a few days is the most novel yet devised. George W. Thomas, of Orange, N. J., who is said to represent a syndicate, with a capital of \$750,000, has chartered the tug *Chester*, owned by E. R. Lowe, a Coastwise ship wrecker, and fitted her out with wrecking appliances of the latest pattern. The boat has been undergoing repairs in Ball's Cove for some weeks, and is now about ready for her work.

The *Chester* will be moored exactly above the spot where the wreck lies, and so moored that it will remain stationary regardless of the tides. This in itself will be a feat attended with no little difficulty, for it will be necessary to carry two stout hawsers ashore, in addition to the four anchors which will be got down to seaward and from the bow and stern.

ENTIRELY NEW METHOD.

The work of previous explorers of the bottom has been interrupted by the rapidity with which the current lifted up their submarine excavations. The plan upon which Mr. Thomas will proceed will avoid trouble of this kind.

The wreck is almost completely buried, and the sand is packed compactly about the hull. Divers will be sent down to loosen the sand and earth that hides the wreck at a given point. At that point a big tube, connected with a powerful suction pump on board the *Chester*, will be applied. The loosened material will thus be pumped to the surface, and then shot through a giant sieve. This sieve will not permit the passage of anything as large as a guinea.

That is the general plan. The wreckers and divers will dig and pump until they have filled the sieve with British gold or are satisfied that they have worked over an area so large that the story of the *Husar's* treasure

HAS BEEN PROVEN A MYTH.

The men who have attempted to reach the coffers of the *Husar* since 1780 have failed in every instance, if they are to be believed, but the story of sunken gold has just as many believers as it has skeptics. No later than June last a Connecticut syndicate was digging up the bottom of the sound off Port Morris, and many similar attempts have been made between that point and Hell Gate.

It is believed now that the hull of the wrecked war ship has been located to a nicety, and that by examining with care an area of about two hundred square feet the treasure story may be settled definitely at last.

And if it proves true—this story of British guineas—the speculators will be richly rewarded. The *Husar* was a thirty-two gun ship, about 200 feet long. She arrived here in November 1780, in company with the man-of-war *Mercury*. Together they carried \$4,900,000, which was intended to pay off the British troops in America. The *Mercury* remained here, and the *Husar*, taking on board the treasure of her sister ship, set sail for New London.

STORY OF THE WRECK.

Although the pilot was not very familiar with the channel, the captain decided to save some time by taking a short cut in passing Hell Gate. The *Husar* struck a sunken reef, and as she was badly damaged her commander decided to run her ashore.

She had taken on board seventy prisoners of war from the British ship *Mercury*, New York, and as her hold was filled with stores they had been chained on the gun deck. As their fate was of little consequence the captain did not release them, but kept his crew at work in the attempt to get the *Husar* to the beach before she foundered.

Hawsers were carried ashore and fastened to trees, and an attempt was made to warp the vessel in, but before much progress had been made she blew up, her crew, torn up by the roots and sank in eighty feet of water, drowning her manacled prisoners. Some of the crew escaped. From that day a forward story of

THE HUSAR'S SUNKEN GUINEAS.

led to all sorts of attempts to acquire sudden wealth by their recovery. A British company sent two brig to the spot in 1819, but the United States government refused to permit them to anchor over the treasure.

Later on attempts were made to blow up the wreck with dynamite, but up to date—unless some lucky and secretive individual had success and fortune under the guise of failure—the guineas have been undisturbed.

There is one story that has always caused the treasure seekers some uneasiness. It is to the effect that the *Husar* was wrecked intentionally, and that her treasure was carried away by men who hatched the plot under her ensign.

Mr. Thomas and his section pump, however, are new, and he, at least, believes that he will pump up something more valuable than the rusty bottles and water buckets which have rewarded the treasure seekers who have preceded him.

The Last First.

Childlike simplicity sometimes looks like foolishness without being it. It was a perfectly honest little girl who was asked by her mother:

"Well, Emily, have you got along nicely with your knitting while I've been away? Which stocking are you on now?"

"On the second, papa."

"Well, how did you tell you, papa, I began on the second one?"

Now that business is improving the merchant who has advertised right along, receives numerous calls and orders from people not previously known. It is his due reward.

The ratapatters of Berlin, Ont., voted on a by-law on Friday to establish a new public park. The by-law was carried by a majority of two hundred and seventy-five.

THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

WALTER SCOTT, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription, \$1.50 per year.

Schedule of Advertising Rates on Application.

Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Lost, Found, etc., when under 1 inch, will be inserted for 50c; subsequent insertions 25c each.

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Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is left, is left."—Agon.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

THE WATERPOWER SCHEME

Our news columns last week contained a brief report of the minutes of a recent meeting of the Council of the Moose Jaw Board of Trade, at which were appointed provisional officers and directors of the Moose Jaw Water Works and Power Company.

The general intent of the scheme for damming the Moose Jaw river at this point is already fairly understood; however a few words explaining in detail the benefits that may be expected to accrue to this town and to the entire district from the fulfilment of the plan and of the steps that are necessary to secure its fulfilment, may not be inopportune.

A word of praise for the local Board of Trade will now be well-timed. The members of the Board have forwarded the scheme as far as it is possible for them as a Board of Trade to forward it. They secured a survey of the site for the proposed undertaking; they sent delegates to Ottawa and to Montreal, who so impressively stated the merits of the case to the Government and to the Canadian Pacific Railway management, that the former became convinced of the evident advantages of the work and agreed to send a government engineer to look over the ground; while the latter expressed faith in the entire feasibility of the scheme and promised also to have one of their engineers look over the ground during this season. According to promise the Dominion Government in September last despatched from Ottawa Mr. A. St. Laurent, civil engineer, who came to Moose Jaw and made a very thorough survey of the river bed and banks, practically proving the correctness of the local engineer's (Mr. Fingland's) measurements. The details of Mr. St. Laurent's report are not yet made known; the tenor of his finding, however, may be divined from a remark he passed before leaving Moose Jaw. He said, "I cannot do otherwise than speak in terms of highest praise of the scheme." Thus far did the Board of Trade secure progress in the preliminaries, at which point it has reached the limit of its constitutional powers. It became necessary to have organized a provisional company through the responsible officers of which the Dominion Government may carry on negotiations regarding the project. It was this necessary provisional company that was formed last week.

When it becomes definitely known that the Dominion authorities will extend adequate assistance towards the completion of the work, it is proposed to form a limited liability company, duly chartered, and, subsequently, joint shares in the stock of the company will be offered for sale.

To the most casual observer who views the location of the proposed dam, the very advantageous situation must at once become apparent. Mr. Fingland, the engineer of the provisional company, who some months ago made the survey for the Board of Trade, estimates that at the lowest calculation the work will generate a twenty-hour daily, one thousand horse power for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

The benefits that will accrue from the power directly to the town and just as directly to the district surrounding Moose Jaw, must be obvious. The volume of water that is equal to one horse power is much more valuable now, consequently upon a more extended revelation of the mysteries of electricity, that the same volume was fifteen years ago. Then, a large

calculation had to be made for waste. Every mill and factory had to have its race and water wheel. But now only one race and one immense water wheel are necessary for the generation of power in any given number of mills or factories. This one wheel will generate current electricity, which may be transmitted by wires to drive electro-magnetic engines wherever they are wanted.

When the Moose Jaw water power is ready for use and action, the first factory that will be set in motion will be an electrical works, from which power will be transmitted to an electric light station, a grist mill, a woolen mill, a tannery, a planing mill, a creamery, a cheese factory, a printing press, a compressed brick factory, railway manufacturing and repair shops, etc., etc.

There is not a doubt that an immense water power runs to waste in the Moose Jaw river every year, and there is not a doubt that this power may all be conserved and utilized to the upbuilding of Moose Jaw into a large and prosperous town or city, and to the lasting and constantly-increasing benefit of the surrounding country.

An increased town population means an increased market for farmers and ranchers' produce. An enlarged market will induce an increased country population, which in turn will enlarge the market for local merchants and manufacturers. And so the mutually beneficial process keeps rolling, until great wealthy cities are built, encompassed by densely settled and thriving districts; while powerful manufacturing corporations secure a footing, which under the restraining yet energy-impelling influences of the free trade that is bound to become the possession of Canada, cannot but prove a source of strength and prosperity to the community in which they are located, and to the Dominion of which they form a part.

An enlarged population in the town will at once widen the market for those supplies which dearly-bought experience has proven that this district is more capable of producing. The thousand-acre wheat fields in which the pioneers of twelve years ago saw by their mind's eye immense and quickly-to-be-amassed fortunes, have proven a delusion and a snare. What, even amazingly abundant results may have been obtained from the wheat fields in exceptionally good years, such years are undoubtedly few and far between. Without a thorough system of irrigation this district is not especially adapted for grain growing, although the soil is of the best, and if sufficient moisture at the proper season was assured the district would rank first with the best wheat-growing sections of Canada or of the world. But irrigation systems can not be established in one year nor in five years, and the condition of the grain markets is not just now so pleasing as to form an incentive to schemes for enlarging the acreage to be sown for grain crops. The products of the grass meadow, the poultry yard, the pig pen and the dairy bring handsome and sure returns to the practical mixed-farmer. An enlarging town will make an enlarging market for these products.

It is the duty of every settler to lend at least pronounced sympathy and moral support to the water-power scheme.

FORESTRY.

Mr. McGillivray, grand secretary of the Independent Order of Foresters, who recently made a tour over the C. P. R. to Vancouver, paying fraternal visits to the local societies, thus lucidly explains the workings and objects of the association:

"Forestry occupies a field left vacant by all other fraternal societies. It is not antagonistic to other fraternal societies. It is fraternal but not a secret society. It is founded on the model of the Ancient Order of United Workmen with the purpose of giving fraternal benefits to all and offering insurance at a rate so moderate as to place the bion in the hands of everyone. Mr. McGillivray spoke of the history of the order, of its early financial difficulties. At the time of the Victoria disaster at London the leaders of the order were obliged to mortgage their possessions to pay the insurance on the lives of three victims. Since then, however, the order has enjoyed almost uninterrupted success, and now pays out over \$1,500 per day at the head office to beneficiaries. It has now a membership of 65,000. Like other fraternal

societies it meets with some opposition yet, from such opponents of secret societies as Dr. Parsons. The lecturer laid some stress upon the insurance plan of the Foresters, showing how the officials of the order proved to the satisfaction of the House committee on insurance the safety of its methods, although the premiums exacted are only about one third of the premiums of old line companies. He also showed that while of the 800 insurance companies organized in the past 40 years only 49 survived, only 2 of the 17 fraternal insurance companies had failed. The order's motto of "Liberty, Benevolence and Concord" were thoroughly explained and the educative influences of the courts touched upon. Only persons of good character were eligible as members. Ladies were not eligible because the order was largely a business association.

TRUTH PERSONIFIED.

"The most unseemly incident that has occurred in connection with the Territorial election is the attack of the Regina Leader on Mr. Neff, charging him using his position as a member of the Executive to further his own interests, and of using public money to buy off opposition to his election. The charge would seem to be unfounded and was promptly contradicted; and Mr. Neff has already taken an action against Mr. Davin, laying damages at five thousand dollars. Aside from the gravity of the charge—the truth or falsity of which will soon be established—exception must be taken to the coarseness of the language employed in the Leader. It is beyond measure the worst that has ever appeared in a Territorial paper, and for the sake of the Press of our young country we hope it will be the last. Mr. Neff's friends have named Mr. Frank Oliver, M.L.A., as being able to prove the fact of Mr. Neff's innocence, he having been arbitrator on the matter that gave rise to the attack. We would rather take Mr. Oliver's word than the verdict of a jury."—*Battleford Herald.*

Verily, a good name is more to be prized than great riches.

The Religious Herald is on record for having found more definitions for the term "thief" than any lexicographer has seen fit to illustrate in his lexicon. "Steal a chicken," it says, "and you are a thief. Steal a thousand dollars from your employer and you are an embezzler. Steal five thousand dollars from the Government, and you are a defaulter. Rob your competitor on the Stock Exchange of ten thousand dollars, and you are a financier. Rob him of one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars, and you are a wizard, or a Napoleon of finance. Wreck a railroad and gather it in, and you are a 'magnate.' Wreck a great railroad system, and you are a 'railroad king.' Conduct a negotiation by which a strong nation plunders a weak nation of thousands upon thousands of square miles of territory, and makes the weak nation pay millions of money indemnity for the wrong it has suffered, and you are a diplomat."

At a meeting of the Executive Board of the Patrons of Industry of Manitoba and the Territories, held at Portage la Prairie, on Thursday of last week, a resolution favoring prohibition of the liquor traffic was passed in the following words: "That having intelligently analyzed the principles of Prohibition this board would strongly recommend to our annual connection the adoption of a plank in our platform looking toward the practical prohibition of the liquor traffic."

The initial number of the South Edmonton News has appeared. It contains a good grist of local news and promises to be an advocate of radical tariff reform, while on general principles it will be independent. R. P. Pettipiece is editor and publisher.

Black Rings

under the eyes and a sallow complexion show biliousness. This is one of the most disagreeable of stomach disorders and if allowed to have its own way will result in great harm. Cure biliousness at once by using Ripans Tablets. One tablet gives relief.

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Fruits,
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The Weekly

Nor'-Wester

TILL 1896 FOR \$1.00.

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"INDEPENDENT—NOT NEUTRAL," is the motto of the Nor'-Wester. It is not the organ of any political party or business enterprise; but is a journal always free to espouse, criticize or condemn the cause or contention of any party or organization—political, commercial or otherwise—as fairly to the Northwest may, upon dispassionate and intelligent consideration, seem to demand.

At the price the Weekly Nor'-Wester is offered to new subscribers—One Dollar from any time hereafter till January 1st, 1896—but the merest fraction over the cost of the white paper used in it is asked. It is the largest Weekly paper published in Canada.

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KINNAIRD, SHAW & CO.,
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CALGARY, - N.W.T.,

Are prepared to give a fair price for wool delivered at Midnapore Siding on the Calgary & Edmonton railway in exchange for Blankets, Flannels, Tweeds and Yarns, all manufactured of pure fresh wool, and free from shoddy or admixture of any kind, at fair current prices.

These goods are similar to home spun, and of good wearing quality.

Blankets, any color or size, \$5 to \$8 a pair.
Tweed, from 60c. to \$1 a yard.
Flannels, from 30c. to 50c.
Shirts, home made to measure, . . . \$2 each.
Flannel Vests and Drawers, . . . \$1.25 each.
Suits to measure, \$16 to \$18.

Samples or instructions for self measurement sent on application.

IN THE COAL MINES.

A GLIMPSE AT THE ROCHE PERCEE COAL FIELDS.

Boundless Deposits of Nature's Fuel Supply—The Famous "Pierced Rock" of Early French Trappers' Legends—A Real Live Hermit.

Roche Percee (Pierced Rock) is a station on the Minneapolis and Sault Ste. Marie Railway line, situated ten miles south of Estevan. It is the picturesque spot on the route between Moose Jaw and the United States boundary line. When the traveller is pulled out of the Moose Jaw valley he leaves behind him the only patch of beauty that his eyes will behold for one hundred and forty miles. The entire distance from Pasqua to Estevan is one monotonous stretch of unbroken prairie, excepting the line of the Dirt Hills which is visible to the south of the road for some twenty miles east of Pasqua. Even a settler's shack is a rarity. Only at the few points where intervene the neat and commodious combined station and section houses of the railway company is the sameness of nature at all relieved, architecturally or otherwise, and it is only at these places that any species of resident human kind is visible.

But at Estevan the scene changes. The low-lying hills surrounding the town to the north in the shape of a semi-circle plainly indicate an altered aspect of the country. To the south are the bold and rugged banks of the Souris river and as the east bound train pulls out of Estevan with an ever-increasing speed on the down grade, these banks are approached, until with a short and a roar down the steaming monster goes through a long, narrow ravine towards the lowest level. When she emerges after traversing a mile and a half of this ravine, a scene of beauty bursts upon the eye of the traveller. Mighty banks whose summits are strewn with fragments of rock bound the view on every side; clumps of bushes follow the winding course of the stream, while wide stretches of grassy land lead back from the edge of the wood to the base of the surrounding hills. High up on the banks are perched numerous shanties, occupied last winter by miners working in the new Dominion Coal Co's mine opposite Roche Percee station. To the south of the track and parallel with it there extends for a mile a broad line of huge sandstone boulders, many of them 75 feet in height, set boldly upon the summit of the hill and looking down upon the pretty valley beneath, having for all the world the appearance of a once massive, rugged and compact city wall, into which the ravages of many centuries' inevitable decay, with possibly the assistance of modern inventions in explosives, have made sad breaches. At the western extremity of this line and within a quarter of a mile of the station house, stands the unique mass of sandstone which the early French trappers of the eighteenth century designated as "La Roche Percee." Its neighborhood was a rendezvous for Indian bands and white traders and trappers for twenty decades past. When the buffalo hunt was ended, here did the braves congregate, where wood, water and shelter were easy of access, to celebrate their successes by religious and festive carnival. A huge sentinel stands La Roche Percee, as if guarding the peaceful Souris Valley, just where it has stood, doubtless, for centuries past. In the distance its appearance is of a square mass of rock, reared on edge, through the centre of which has been drilled a circular perforation. On closer inspection the hole is found to be about seven feet in diameter; the rock might be likened to a huge door way, from which the circular door had been removed. Countless visitors have laudably endeavored to preserve their names to posterity by inscribing them on the pierced rock, and it gave the writer a feeling that he was following in the steps of good company to find cut in large, well defined characters the name of Editor James Weidman, of the Rat Portage Record.

Hugging the base of the hills to the south of the river, the railway continues its winding course east. Two miles from Roche Percee the line begins again to climb the grade on the other side of the river, crossing on its way a deep and wide ravine over which it is carried by a trestle one-fifth of a mile long and one hundred feet high. A conspicuous object on the landscape is the Sugar Loaf hill, a solitary, rugged mass of clay, rock and coal strata, whose rough sides defy the efforts of the vegetable kingdom to cover them with verdure. With many a twist and turn and run over a trestle and tuck over a culvert, the hill is at last overcome, and the steel rails, once again on level prairie, form a straight line as far as the eye can reach and away beyond, over the dreary waste. It was last Friday night that the Times man dropped off express train No. 108 at Roche Percee, after four and a half hours run from Moose Jaw in a most luxuriously appointed coach of the Soco Company, and received a warm welcome from Agent Frank Statham. After breakfast next morning at the Hotel de Peace, the

scribe was taken over to the mines, calling on the way upon the Hermit of the Souris Valley, an aged wayfarer upon God's soil, who made no bones about saying that he much prefers his own company. Born in Ayr, Scotland, and educated at Glasgow, William Craig (who must have passed the allotted three score and ten mile-post in life's journey) has spent the last thirty years upon the prairie, shunning rather than seeking intercourse with his fellow beings, and making a livelihood with the aid of his guns, rifle and traps. Many years ago, feeling that Time was leaving marks upon his aged frame, the wandering hunter chose a spot in the Souris Valley within a mile of La Roche Percee in which to make a lonely home where his last days would be spent. Here he built a 10x12 log hut and plastered it well with clay, and in this hut he has since made his habitation. An ordinary cooking stove rests upon the earthen floor; a rude trestle forms a bed; a home-made deal table fits into an opposite corner; two chairs, guns and wolf pelts, and two cats, with bedding and a few cooking utensils form the remainder of the contents of the hut; ah, indeed, there were also on the table a couple of late novels which proved that this aged hermit has not lost all interest in the life from which he has for so long withdrawn. The approach of the iron horse which passes within forty feet of his cabin, and the discovery that black diamonds lie thickly imbedded in each and all of the hills which surround the valley, have shown the old man the impossibility of escaping wholly from the vortex of civilization. It is to the last degree annoying, but it cannot be helped; and what can't be cured must be endured.

The Hassard coal claim, now being worked by the Souris Coal Mining Company, is just three miles distant from Roche Percee station. A two-mile railway spur leads from the main line through the hills to the mouth of the mine. "For what purpose was the broken brick thrown in here?" was a question put to the guide, as we walked through a cutting on the spur track. "Oh, that's simply burnt clay, and shows that fire has been through the hill," was the reply. Fires have smouldered and are still burning in the clay and coal of several of the hills in the locality.

Mr. Richard Hall, manager of the Souris Coal Mining Company, treated the scribe with cordiality, and volunteered to give him the novel experience of personally inspecting the mine and out of a coal mine. It was not "down in a mine," but "straight in a mine." A horizontal shaft or drift leads from the side of the hill. This drift at present has been carried into the hill about 700 feet, and at the extremity is probably 100 feet beneath the surface. Branch drifts are cut to the right and left of the main shaft and cross drifts connect these branches. Then at certain points there are rooms—at least the manager told the scribe they were rooms—which look like big holes in the side about the size of a load of hay. The shafts are all traversed by tramways, upon which the coal cars are propelled to the mouth of the mine by mule power, and out upon a frame work, beneath which stand the railway cars awaiting their loads. The mine cars are of the full width of the drifts; man-holes are cut in the walls at regular distances, and when one meets the mule, he must find a man-hole and squeeze into it.

The explorers had penetrated about 500 feet into the mine without meeting a soul, when coming to the mouth of a branch drift, the dim lamp in a miner's cap was discerned a few yards away. "Fire, Fire," was this murky individual's sudden salutation. Thoughts of dreadful mine explosions and dire catastrophes flashed quicker than lightning through the mind of the startled scribe, but the manager's calmness reassured him somewhat. "Just step back a bit and wait," the manager said. There was not long to wait. In a second there was a deep-sounding detonation, like the smothered voice of twenty cannons, and a quiver of relief passed up the spine of the scribe—he understood that blasting powder was being used.

The Souris Coal Company has forty men employed, most of whom work by the piece—that is by the ton. There had been a dance at the miners' boarding house on the night previous, and some of the men were not on duty that day—they were feeling a little weary, so to speak. The output averages five cars daily—100 tons. If the demand will warrant it, this may easily be increased to 200 tons daily. In appearance the quality of the coal now being mined is—at least to the uninitiated—almost, if not quite, equal to any other lignite coal. It is certainly much superior, seemingly, to the samples of Estevan and Roche Percee coal that were placed on the market last winter.

The Dominion Coal Company has not commenced mining this season, but by an arrangement made some time ago whereby they agreed to purchase all the coal mined by the Souris Co., it is the Dominion Company that does the selling. The Souris people mine it and place it on the cars, after which it is handled by Mr. Phil. Walsh, manager of the Dominion Company, whose headquarters are at present at Estevan,

but who will shortly open offices at Coalfields or Roche Percee.

In addition to the Souris Co.'s there are two other mines being worked in the neighborhood—one by Mr. Russell and one by Mr. Neal Gow, postmaster at Coalfields, who has a force of about twenty men engaged. From these mines the coal is hauled to the railway in waggons.

The village of Coalfields is not incorporated, and it is possible that it has not yet been surveyed. The majority of the miners live in "the boarding house." A few of them have families there, and occupy well-sheltered shacks built in the sides of the hills, of lumber and sod. The Hassard homestead is upon the summit of the hill overlooking the Souris mine. The postoffice is about half a mile, and not visible, from the mine. At the same place a general merchant's business is conducted by Mr. E. F. Allen, an ex-policeman. The coal company also keeps for sale a supply of groceries, &c. Coalfields is a picturesque spot, and for an exposition of western life as she is lived, Coalfields is "strictly in it."

MR. GOFORT'S MISTAKE.

He Has Managed to Get Fooled Twice in the Same Way.

REGINA, Nov. 9, 1894.

DEAR TIMES,—I have been too busy since election to write. I got a dreadful set back,—"but my foot it," in the worst way, and have been trying my best to recover lost ground ever since.

You see, ever since I came to this country, I have been aiming at a high position, in fact ever since I was a boy at school, I have had the goal in view. I made up my mind then, that if I lived long enough, I would be a Justice of the Peace, and it looks now as though I should have to be a patriarch before I reach the high place I am aiming for.

Three years ago, I lived in "South Regina, and Mr. Seward promised me that after election, he would get me the "sit" I was after. This was about three months before election, and I started for Ontario at once. I had been trying to induce a lovely young lady to marry me, but she was ambitious, and said she wanted to marry a public man. When I went down and told her that in two months I would be a J.P., she jumped at my offer, and we were married at once.

Seward lost the election, and of course that was the death knell to my hopes for three years. I had never bought my groceries from the Moskat firm, and everybody knew that I voted for the wrong man. My wife said "You fool" (she didn't mean any thing; you have to get used to that, when you are married) "why didn't you vote for the other man?"

Jelly and I had always been good friends, and he has done more in the way of running out justices of the Peace than any other man in the territory, so I thought I would move across the track.

I began to pave my way carefully, towards the goal I was aiming at. Everything promised to go smoothly, and I felt as sure of being a J.P. as all the candidates were of being elected to the Assembly. I told my wife the day before the election that it would set off her tombstone great "Sarah, beloved wife of John Gofort, Esquire, for twenty years a Justice of the Peace in North Regina," and she was mad and said that she was going to outlive me.

Well, I voted for Jelly, worked for him harder than he worked for himself, and you know how it ended. Jelly is out and Brown is in. I'll bet I don't make a mistake another election, but it will be four years before I get my appointment, unless we can work up some scheme to smooth over voting for the wrong man. Sarah said, "You fool, after living in this country ten years you don't know enough to vote for the right man." I can't understand it. Brown isn't a Mason, Odd-fellow, Orangeman, Workman, Patron, Clubman or anything else, and he is in. There must have been some sharp work somewhere.

I went round to see him and told him I was glad he got in, that if I had known some things that I know now I would never have voted for the other man, &c., &c., and then I said that I had some law business I wished to place in his hands. He got up (ever see him? He is rather on the tall side) and in a frigid way directed me to the next room and said Mr. Mackenzie would attend to my case. I told him I was in a hurry and would call again. I told Sarah that the only way for me to get anything out of him, she will have to see if she can bring him round. He is a bachelor, and they say a general admirer of the ladies, which accounts for his not choosing any particular one. She is going to fix up and go down soon, and I rather think she will manage the business for me.

Regina has been gay enough to suit anybody the past week. Judge Scott has been the recipient of much attention from the leading people in the world of Regina fashion and frivolity. I never took much notice of him when he was plain D. L. Scott, Q. C., and am not going to run after him now. When I get my appointment, I suppose folks will make a great fuss over me.

There was a party at Commissioner Hercher's one evening this week, and one at the Assembly chamber on Friday in honor of Judge and Mrs. Scott. I did not go, as I was not asked. To tell the truth I didn't encourage Mr. Haultain to invite me. I met him on the trail one day, and he did not wear his usual haughty air, which has so effectually intimidated the cow-punchers of the Wild West, and he halted it as I drew near, but I would not notice him. I saw a mortified expression pass quickly over his face and he passed on. I believe in picking one's company and I am not going to get down to people who have hobnobbed with cow-boys.

Well, I think I have told you all the election news. Mr. Davin does not think much of Mr. Neff, and Mr. Neff doesn't like Mr. Davin. They are both good men in their places. The trouble is to find the right places for them. Time will bring everything right, when I hope to be.

Yours truly,
JOHN GOFORT, Esq., J. P.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

HE TELLS IT HIMSELF.

A West Oxford Farmer Narrowly Escapes Premature Burial—The causes of his Throat-encased Fate and Lucky Escape.

INGERSOLL, Nov. 15.—W. H. Bailey, of West Oxford township, claims to have narrowly escaped premature burial a short time ago. He had had kidney disease for four years back and so badly at times that he was completely laid up. Many doctors treated him, but their treatment, in Mr. Bailey's opinion, made him worse rather than better. His escape from a premature grave was effected by the use of the infallible Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes of these cured him completely. Mr. Bailey claims to be able now to do a bigger day's work than his twenty-four year old son.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

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Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHER

Fresh meats of all kinds constantly on hand.

FISH AND POULTRY.

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Cabin, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80. Intermediate, \$25 to \$35; Steerage \$10 and upwards.

Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland and at special low rates to all parts of the European continent. Prepaid passage arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest Railway or Steamship Agent, to

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Weekly Free Press \$1.00.

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Any person who, before January 1st next, sends in a year's subscription for either of above papers will receive the paper until January 1st, 1896, and will receive also A VALUABLE PREMIUM, one of a list of well bound books, worth 75c, which are now on hand in the Free Press office, till the supply is exhausted.

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both for herself or children. These goods are made in Vests, Drawers, Tights and Combinations, and are kept by every first-class dry goods store.

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Mysteries of the HUMAN BRAIN!



The latest discovery in the scientific world is that nerve centres located in or near the base of the brain control all the organs of the body, and when these nerve centres are deranged the organs which they supply with nerve fluid, or nerve force, are also deranged. When it is remembered that a serious injury to the spinal cord will cause paralysis of the body below the injured point, because the nerve force is prevented by the injury from reaching the paralyzed portion, it will be understood how the derangement of the nerve centres will cause the derangement of the various organs which they supply with nerve force; that is, when a nerve centre is deranged or in any way diseased it is impossible for it to supply the same quantity of nerve force as when in a healthful condition; hence the organs which depend upon it for nerve force suffer, and are unable to properly perform their work, and as a result disease makes its appearance.

At least two-thirds of our chronic diseases and ailments are due to the imperfect action of the nerve centres at the base of the brain, and not from a derangement primarily originating in the organ itself. The great mistake of physicians in treating these diseases is that they treat the organs, and not the nerve centres, which are the cause of the trouble.

The wonderful cures wrought by the Great South American Nerve Tonic are due alone to the fact that this remedy is based upon the foregoing principle. It cures by rebuilding and strengthening the nerve centres, and thereby increasing the supply of nerve force or nervous energy.

This remedy has been found of infinite value for the cure of Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Forgetfulness, Mental Despondency, Nervousness of Females, Hot Flashes, Sick Headache, Heart Disease. The first bottle will convince anyone that a cure is certain.

South American Nervine is without doubt the greatest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and all Chronic Stomach Troubles, because it acts through the nerves. It gives relief in one day, and absolutely effects a permanent cure in every instance. Do not allow your prejudices, or the prejudices of others, to keep you from using this health giving remedy. It is based on the result of years of scientific research and study. A single bottle will convince the most incredulous.

For Sale by W. W. BOLE, Moose Jaw, N. W. T.



TAKE NOTICE.

A large assortment of ladies' and children's ulsters and jackets to be sold at a big reduction for CASH.

Miss Clarke.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

"Dearest Mamma."

Thanksgiving supper next Thursday. Miss Maude Ostrander visited North Portal last week.

C. A. Magrath, M.L.A., of Lethbridge, went east on Sunday.

Tickets for Thanksgiving supper and "Dearest Mamma" only 35 cents. W. W. Bole spent Wednesday at Regina, returning yesterday morning.

Rev. Jas. A. Carmichael has been chosen moderator of the Northwestern Presbyterian Synod.

Rev. F. B. Stacey went west on Monday, and will be away from town during this and next week.

Rev. A. P. Leasingham, Presbyterian pastor, left on Monday for Winnipeg to attend meeting of Synod.

J. J. Young, editor of the *Moose Jaw Spectator*, was a passenger on No. 2 express Sunday evening last, having been paying a visit to Calgary.

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.—Good general servant girl wanted, in family where man servant does all heavy work. Apply to MRS. JAS. O. WILSON, Estevan, N. W. T.

Rev. Jas. Woodsworth, of Brandon, Supt. of Methodist missions, will preach the anniversary missionary sermons in the Moose Jaw Methodist church on Sunday next.

J. A. Blake returned to town on Saturday last, after an absence of several months, during which time he visited Alaska in company with the Boundary Commission party.

The Presbyterian pulpit here will on Sunday be filled by Mr. Morrison, of Buffalo Lake. Rev. Mr. Leasingham will return from Winnipeg to conduct services in Rev. Mr. Carmichael's church at Regina.

A meeting of the Hockey Club will be held at the office of the president, Mr. W. J. Nelson, Room 14, Aberdeen House, on Monday evening, the 19th inst., at 20 o'clock, to elect officers and organize for the season. A full attendance of members is requested.

Rev. Mr. McIntyre, who has ministered to the Baptist congregation of Moose Jaw during the past six months, will shortly leave to take a new station, and on Monday evening the members of the church tendered him a complimentary social, held at Russell hall.

A movement is on foot to organize a local Quinlan Club, and a meeting will be held this evening at the residence of Mrs. T. E. McWilliams. Everyone interested in, or willing to assist the project in any way, is cordially invited to attend the meeting, 20 o'clock.

The ladies' association of the church of St. John the Baptist, have arranged for the presentation by the local dramatic society of the comedietta, "Dearest Mamma," on the occasion of the Thanksgiving supper to be held on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. The society has been rehearsing assiduously for several weeks past and a dramatic treat is in anticipation.

"Dearest Mamma," at the hall, on the 22nd.

Mr. C. D. J. Christie has been visiting the capital this week.

Lord Rossberry says England is at peace with all the world.

A. B. Thoma, photographer, of Regina, spent Wednesday in town.

Mr. Ross returned last evening from Regina, having gone down on Tuesday. C.P.R. Auditor, H. J. Dalton, of Portage la Prairie, was here on Tuesday.

One skating fatality is already reported from Calgary. Thin ice, and an eager boy drowned.

Mrs. James Duncan, who spent last week visiting in Moose Jaw, returned to Regina on Sunday evening.

It is reported from Winnipeg this morning that a hail conflagration was in progress in the very heart of the city.

Major Phipps, of Estevan, spent Saturday in town, being on his return from a visit to Grenfell where he had the pleasure of welcoming a new grandson.

Evangelist D. L. Moody is at present preaching in Toronto, where thousands are flocking to listen to him daily and nightly. The converts number among the hundreds.

Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh is reported from Ottawa as improving in health. He is discarding crutches and hopes in a couple of weeks to return to Regina where important business awaits him.

An employee of the coal mines at Coalfields was brought to town yesterday for medical attendance with a badly crushed hand. A heavy lump of coal from the ceiling of the drift where the man was working had fallen upon him.

Messrs Wm. Simington and El. Baxter have leased the Moose Jaw skating rink from Mr. Geo. Keys, and are fitting it up for the coming season. If the present favorable skating weather continues the rink will likely be opened for skating on Thanksgiving Day.

Dr. Turnbull and Mr. A. Hitchcock returned last evening from Dundurn, where they went for prairie chickens. Several blackheaded deer very narrowly escaped falling victims to their guns. Mr. Wm. Kiddell was also up in that district last week, but he didn't have his gun.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Herder celebrated their silver wedding on Wednesday evening, 14th inst. They received many handsome and valuable presents on the occasion from their many friends in Moose Jaw, and the silver wedding supper was partaken of by a number of invited guests.

The sharp frost of last Friday played the coating over the creek which is the skater's delight, and a number of the young people strapped on the shining steel and went a-gliding. "Look at me!" sang out Herbert as he victoriously sailed by a bevy of fair ones. "Look at me!" he said, "take up the collection." Very much honored, Billy took his big sombrero hat, and with an important and dignified air, as was fitting for the occasion, he made his way to the front and held his hat for a young man on the foremost chair to "donate."

"The young miner dropped in a quarter. Billy looked at it; then putting his hand under his coat tail drew his revolver and said, with the utmost gravity, 'Young man, take that back; this here's a dollar show.' Then, with his hat and revolver, moving around the hall, he got as many dollars as there were people."

The ladies of the Methodist church held a supper and social at the town hall on Tuesday evening, which was attended by a large number of townspeople. The bill of fare was excellent, and the pleasant programme following the supper was heartily enjoyed. Mr. J. E. Annable performed the duties of chairman and introduced the participants in songs, solos and recitations in a neat speech. Among those who contributed were the members of the choir, who gave two selections: Wm. Grayson, J. H. England, W. W. Newland and Hugh Ferguson, who delivered addresses; W. J. Nelson, who gave a capital recitation; Mrs. Migot, Mrs. J. E. Annable, Mrs. Wilcox and Miss Richards, who sang solos and duets. Miss Richards sang with guitar accompaniment.

Wilson & Yorks are two tramp journalists who have undertaken to walk around the world without spending a cent. They are coming over the C.P.R. and had reached Winnipeg last week. A report spread yesterday afternoon that they were attacked by footpads in the vicinity of Brandon, who, notwithstanding that Wilson broke the skull of one assailant, managed to walk off with the tramps' travelling register, a book containing signatures of reputable men in towns which they strike, attesting to their presence in such towns on such dates. Detectives went out from Brandon to pick up the man with broken skull, but did not find him. Wilson & Yorks left Kenyon this morning heading for Moose Jaw, which point they should reach early next week.

Thanksgiving supper on Thursday next at the hall.

Dr. P. F. Size paid his regular professional visit to Moose Jaw yesterday.

G. W. Bayne, C. P. R. engineer, of Winnipeg, spent Sunday and Monday in town.

Dr. P. F. Size, Dentist, will visit Moose Jaw Nov. 15th, then Dec. 14th and 15th, also 28th Dec.

A Lethbridge miner fell from an ascending cage in the opening shaft a few days ago and was killed.

Ratepayers of Regina, only two dissenting, ratified by the law for the sale of debentures for \$10,000 to construct Territorial Exhibition buildings.

Messrs. A. E. Potter, Jno. Bunnell and O. B. Fysh are in Regina this week attending court, where the case of Potter vs. Massey-Harris Co. is up before Judge Richardson.

Senator Perley, of Wolseley, sustained severe injuries in a runaway accident a few days ago, but he is confident of being able to fulfil his programme of political lectures announced to be delivered in Eastern Assiniboia towns before Christmas.

From an editorial note in last week's *Advocate* relating to Mr. Thos. McKay, ex-M.L.A., the inference was drawn by some that the reference to Mr. McKay's probable promotion to a higher sphere as a representative of the people conveyed the idea that he would be a candidate for member of the House of Commons at the next election. No such impression was intended. Saskatchewan has asked for and been promised a senator, and without any restriction on the local assembly, that was the "higher sphere" as a representative of the people alluded to. —*Prince Albert Advocate*.

BIRTHS.

GREEN.—At Moose Jaw, Nov. 2nd, 1894, the wife of Seymour N. de P. Green, of a son.

Third Class Teachers.

The Education Department issues the following circular:

All persons holding non-professional certificates of the Third Class and desiring to qualify as teachers are required to complete a course at a local Normal Session beginning January 2nd and ending March 15th.

To enable the Council to determine where these Sessions should be held, intending candidates are requested to send forthwith their names and addresses to the Secretary.

One Way of Taking up a Collection.

"We have a certain person," Dean Hart of Denver writes, giving his name, "whom we keep on the frontier. He is a rough diamond, and has a knack with the miners. Not long ago he went to a camp called Rico, borrowed the dance hall over the saloon for his services, 'rounded up his boys' and the hall was filled. After the sermon came the collection—a very important feature. The preacher ran his eye over his audience, and seeing a certain gambler known as 'Billy the Kid,' 'Billy,' he said, 'take up the collection.' Very much honored, Billy took his big sombrero hat, and with an important and dignified air, as was fitting for the occasion, he made his way to the front and held his hat for a young man on the foremost chair to 'donate.'"

"The young miner dropped in a quarter. Billy looked at it; then putting his hand under his coat tail drew his revolver and said, with the utmost gravity, 'Young man, take that back; this here's a dollar show.' Then, with his hat and revolver, moving around the hall, he got as many dollars as there were people."

A Balm to Horsemen.—One bottle of Eog. Lin. Spavin Liniment completely removed a curl from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavins, splints, curbs, swellings, stiles and sprains. GEORGE ROBB, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

ARNOLD OF RUGBY.

Lecture by the Supt. of Education—An Intellectual Treat.

The lecture announced for last Friday evening did not receive that attendance that it deserved. Many more citizens would have gladly availed themselves of the pleasure of attending a lecture by so eminent an educationist and speaker as the lecturer of Friday evening, had it been more widely known. Its audience was delighted with the presentation of the subject, and with the unaffected eloquence that is giving Mr. Goggin a first place among the speakers of the West.

Arnold's life and work were graphically sketched by an ardent admirer. The sketch gave many opportunities of driving home truths on the training of children to parents and teachers. The manliness, the great heartedness, and tender sympathy of the famous master were feelingly depicted. The lecturer recounted Thos. Hughes' account of East's interview with "the Doctor," and the effect of Arnold's death on Tom Brown, in a manner that was highly appreciated by his hearers. A closing appeal was made for useful and unselfish lives that follow the example of one "who lives again in lives made better by his presence."

On its conclusion Revs. Mr. Stacey and Dr. McIntyre voiced the gratification of the audience at the excellent lesson that had been enjoyed by all. The motion was presented to Mr. Goggin in a few well chosen words by the chairman, Mr. T. B. Baker.

Macleod has a Snake Charmer.

The *Macleod Gazette* has the following: "Calf Shirts" is probably better known than any other Blood Indian in this vicinity, and he certainly can put the "fear of God" into the average man quicker than greased lightning. He is the snake charmer of his Blood branch of the great Blackfoot nation, and he handles the deadly rattlesnake with the most consummate indifference to the awful absolute death that is contained in its slender fangs. He keeps it coiled round his body next to the skin, inside the shirt, where it lovingly nestles, and anyone who is willing to pay for his curiosity can see him put his hand in and drag the living, writhing death out. "Calf Shirts" claims to have some subtle power over the snakes, and to see him take his present specimen up, one measuring about 3 ft. long, catch it by the neck and cram about 8 in. of it, the deadliest reptile in America, head downwards, down his throat, is calculated to make the marrow in any man's bones shiver. He also puts it out on the ground and playfully puts it on the back of the head with his finger, till the snake rattles as it was performing for the benefit of all the babies in Canada. It is not a pleasant sight for one with weak nerves and who understands what a rattlesnake is.

Rounding up the Election Among the Ranchers.

(Contributed.)

In response to invitations sent, a large party assembled at the residence of Mr. Chas. Nicolle on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. To those who had hitherto from Moose Jaw there was a great surprise. They had heard of the astounding hospitality of the ranchers of the Valley, but the reality far exceeded their most sanguine expectations.

The ladies, young and old, and fair to look upon as the lines of the valley, vied with each other in making the night pass pleasantly; their native modesty and good breeding conspicuous throughout. Mine host and hostess were all in turn, none excepting. Dancing was continued until midnight when supper was announced. And what a spread! How can I describe it? 'Twas an hand around and eat as you best can, to tea, coffee and the festive; but a real John Bull supper. Numbers of large fat turkeys stuffed, roasted and done to a turn. Roasts of ranchers' beef or trenchers hanging nearly across the table. Boiled hams excellent in taste and flavor. And as for sweet meats, pie, cakes, tarts, etc., etc., they were piled on such endless profusion that Mac, filled with astonishment, was twice heard above the din to exclaim: "Will they ever stop putting on that table?" Supper over, dancing was resumed, interspersed with games and songs until more than one of the wee sma' hours had passed and gone.

Amongst the elderly lads who played games, sang songs and swung and danced, prominent might be seen Messrs. Thoma, Young, Harrison, Thompson, Sylvain and Fenwick—all wearing the red—and who in addition imbibed delectations of James Fitz James and Walkers Club supplied at regular intervals by mine host in black surtout and bright cravat, adding to the enjoyment and giving zest to all the proceedings. The Messrs. Fenwick and Thoma, who supplied the music. And now as to who was the belle of the ball; well, there all were so fair that it is impossible to specify, but the Misses Nicolle, Thoma and Young were neat and comely and modest, while Mrs. Nicolle danced and swung as gracefully as the youngest.

The entertainment was brought to a close by a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Nicolle and to the Misses Nicolle for successfully getting up the best entertainment at which it was our fortune to be present in the North West, and singing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" in honor to our host, and "Auld Lang Syne," with hands clasped and with heads uncovered, "God Save our Noble Queen" until the very wee sma' hours rang with joy.

A PARTICIPANT.

ADVERTISE!

Low Prices FOR Cash Only.

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R. BOGUE.

STAYED \$1.50

Will secure to new subscribers THE MOOSE JAW TIMES from this date to January 1st, 1896—fourteen months for the price of twelve. That THE TIMES has no superior among the weekly papers of the North-West is a fact already acknowledged. Forty-eight columns of live, entertaining and valuable matter weekly. THE TIMES is thoroughly independent. Its news columns are fair, as even opponents admit. Its editorials are honest, outspoken utterances of conscientious opinion. Its influence is not bartered for gain. Come right along and subscribe now.

WALTER SCOTT,
Editor and Prop.

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And all points in the United States and Canada; also the Kootenai Gold Mines.

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For tickets and further information apply to Chas. S. Fee, general passenger and ticket agent, St. Paul; H. Swinford, general agent, Winnipeg.
H. J. BELCH,
Ticket Agent, 486 Main St., Winnipeg.

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A large assortment of Overshoes, Felt Shoes and Mitts which we will sell at prices lower than ever.

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For a Stylish FALL-OR-WINTER-SUIT

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Occasionally, but never on the question of "HEALTH BRAND"

Combinations being absolutely the best thing for women and children to wear.

Every first-class dry goods house keeps them. Look for the word "Health" on silk label at neck. Buy no imitations.

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